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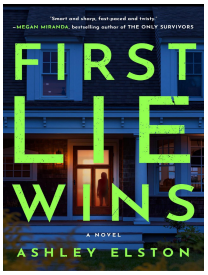

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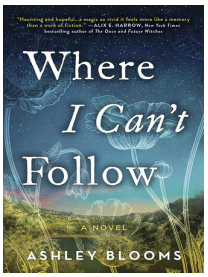

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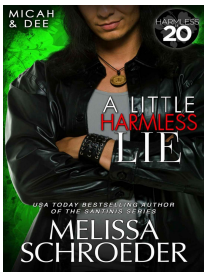

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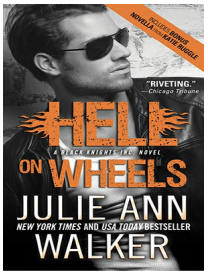

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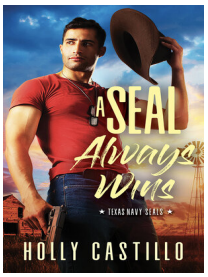

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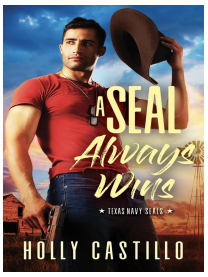

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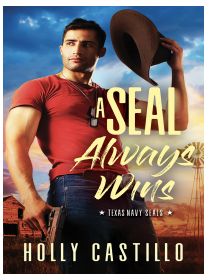

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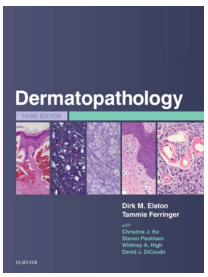

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For Miller, Ross, and Archer

CHAPTER 1

It starts with the little things: an extra toothbrush in the glass holder next to the sink, a few articles of clothing in the smallest drawer, phone chargers on both sides of the bed. Then the little things turn to slightly bigger things: razors and mouthwash and birth control pills all fighting for space in the medicine cabinet, the question changing from "Are you coming over?" to "What should we cook for dinner?"

And as much as I've been dreading it, this next step was inevitable.

It may be the first time I'm meeting the people gathered around the table, people who Ryan has known since childhood, but it hasn't escaped anyone's attention that I'm already fully embedded in his life. It's the small touches a woman brings to a man's home, like the matching throw pillows on the couch or the faint whiff of jasmine from the diffuser on the bookshelf, that every other woman notices the second she walks through the front door.

A voice floats across the candlelit table, dodges the centerpiece that I was assured was "delicate yet confident," and hovers in the air in front of me. "Evie, that's an unusual name."

I turn to Beth, debating whether to answer her question that's not really a question.

"It's short for Evelyn. I was named after my grandmother."

The women sneak glances at one another, silently communicating across the table. Every answer I give is weighed and cataloged for a later discussion.

“Oh, I love that!” Allison squeals. “I was named after my grandmother too. Where did you say you were from again?”

I didn’t say, and they know this. Like birds of prey, they will pick, pick, pick all night until they get the answers they want.

“A small town in Alabama,” I answer.

Before they can ask which small town in Alabama, Ryan changes the subject. “Allison, I saw your grandmother last week at the grocery store. How’s she holding up?”

He’s bought me a few precious moments of relief while Allison relays how her grandmother is faring following the death of her grandfather. But it won’t be long until I’m the focus once again.

I don’t have to know these people to know everything about them. They are the ones who started kindergarten together, their circle remaining small until high school graduation. They fled town in groups of twos and threes to attend a handful of colleges all within driving distance of here. They all joined sororities and fraternities with other groups of twos and threes with similar backgrounds, only to gravitate back to this small Louisiana town, the circle closing once again. Greek letters have been traded out for Junior League memberships and dinner parties and golf on Saturday afternoon, as long as it doesn’t interfere with SEC football.

I don’t fault them for the way they are; I envy them. I envy the ease they feel in these situations, for knowing exactly what to expect and what is expected of them. I envy the gracefulness that comes with knowing that everyone in this town has seen them at their worst and still accepts them.

“How did you two meet?” Sara asks, the attention once again back on me.

It’s an innocent enough question, but one that unnerves me all the same.

The smile on Ryan’s face tells me he knows how I feel about being asked this and he’ll step in again to answer for me, but I shake him off.

Wiping my mouth gently with one of the white cloth napkins I bought specifically for this occasion, I say, "He helped change my flat tire."

Ryan would have given them more than they deserve, and that's why I stopped him. I don't mention it was at the truck stop on the outskirts of town where I worked in the small restaurant bar making sure no drink went empty. And I don't mention that while they are familiar with lots of acronyms from MBA to MRS, the only one I'm acquainted with is GED.

These people, his friends, wouldn't mean to, but they would hold such basic things against me. They might not even be aware they were doing it.

I told Ryan I was afraid of how they would judge me once they found out my background was so different from theirs. He assured me he didn't care what they thought, but he does. The fact that he caved and invited them all here and spent the week helping me get the menu *just right* tells me more than the whispers in the dark that he likes how different I am, different from the girls he grew up with.

Allison turns to Ryan, and says, "Well, aren't you handy to have around."

I watch Ryan. I've whittled down our entire meeting to one sentence, and so far, he's let me get away with it.

As he watches me, a small smile plays on his face that lets me know this is my show—for now—and he's happy to go along.

Allison's husband, Cole, adds, "I wouldn't be surprised if he flattened your tire just so he could be there to help you fix it."

Laughs around the table and probably an elbow to the ribs from his wife given how Cole is holding his side. Ryan shakes his head, still watching me.

I smile and laugh, not too loud and not too long, to show that I, too, am amused at the thought that Ryan would go to such extremes to meet me.

Amused that *any person* would have watched another long enough to know that he always filled up at that truck stop for gas on Thursday evenings after spending the day in his East Texas office. That someone knew he favored the pumps on the west side of the building, and that his eyes almost always lingered a little too long on any female who crossed his path, especially those dressed in short skirts. And that same someone would pick up on little things, like the LSU baseball cap in the back seat or the frat tee showing through his white dress shirt or the country club sticker in the bottom left corner of his windshield, to ensure when they did meet there would be things to talk about. That someone would hold a nail *just so* in a valve while the air whistled away.

I mean, it's amusing to believe one person would go to those lengths just to meet another.

"I totally nailed it," I say, as I dip the last dinner plate into the sink full of soapy water. Ryan moves in behind me, his arms skimming my hips until they are wrapped around my waist. His chin settles on my shoulder, and his lips press against that spot on my neck in a way he knows I adore.

"They loved you," he whispers.

They don't love me. At most, I satisfied the first wave of curiosity. And I imagine before the first car left the driveway, every woman was in the passenger seat swiping between the group text message picking apart every aspect of the night and the search bar on every social media site trying to track down exactly who I am and what small town in Alabama I came from.

"Ray just sent me a text. Sara wants your number so she can invite you to lunch next week."

That was faster than I anticipated. I guess the second wave of curiosity is barreling toward me, fueled by the discovery that all

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searches turned up just the bare minimum of information, and they are hungry for more.

"I sent it to him. Hope that's okay," he says.

I twist around until I'm facing him, my hands crawling up his chest until they're framing his face. "Of course. They're your friends. And I hope they'll be my friends too."

So now there will be a lunch where the questions will be more direct, because Ryan won't be there to make sure they aren't.

Standing on my tiptoes, I pull him closer, until my mouth is mere inches from his. We both love this part, the anticipation, when breaths mingle and my brown eyes stare into his blue ones. We're close but not close enough. His hands slip under the hem on my shirt, his fingers digging into the soft skin at my waist while mine slide up the back of his neck, my fingers curling into his dark hair. Ryan's hair is longer than it was when we first met, when I first started watching him. I told him I liked it like this. That I liked having something to hold on to, so he stopped cutting it. I could tell his friends were surprised when they saw him, because from my own social media research, his hair has never touched his collar. And then they looked to me, and I could see their questions. *Why has Ryan changed? And is it because of this girl?*

He drags his hands lower, gripping my thighs under my short skirt and pulling me up so my legs can wrap around him.

"Will you stay?" he whispers, even though we're the only two people in the house. He asks me this question every night.

"Yes," I whisper back. My answer is always the same.

Ryan's mouth hovers over mine but still maintains a sliver of space between us. I lose focus on his face. Even though he's killing me, I wait for him to close the distance between us.

"I don't want to ask anymore. I want to know you'll be here every night because it's your home too. Will you do that? Make this your home?"

I dig my fingers deeper into his hair and lock my legs tighter around him. “I thought you’d never ask.”

I feel his smile against my lips, and he’s kissing me then carrying me through the kitchen, down the hall to the bedroom.

Our bedroom.

CHAPTER 2

Ever since Ryan asked me to move in with him five days ago and I said yes, he's been impatient for it to happen. I woke up the morning after the dinner party to him on the phone with a moving company, scheduling their services for later that day, thanks to a last-minute cancellation.

I convinced him to wait, even if it was just for a week, to make sure this was really what he wanted and not just something he said after an evening of expensive wine and perfectly cooked beef tenderloin. Plus, I mentioned he was getting a little ahead of himself by calling the movers when I haven't packed anything yet.

"If you didn't really want to move in with me, you'd tell me, right?" Ryan is standing in front of the bathroom mirror, knotting a dark blue and gray striped tie, and trying to act like he's asked me some insignificant thing. He's pouting. Something I've seen before when he doesn't get his way.

I hop up on the counter and scoot down the white marble surface until I'm sitting right in front of him. He looks over my shoulder as if he can still watch his progress in the mirror behind me. He's being a little bit of a baby this morning.

I've memorized his face, but I still study it every chance I get, looking for any small piece I may have missed. He's attractive in a classic way. His dark hair is thick and tends to curl at the edges when it gets too long, as it is now. His blue eyes are striking, and even though he just shaved I know by the time I see him tonight his jaw will be shadowed and I'll get goose bumps when it grazes my neck.

Brushing his hands away, I finish tying the tie for him. "Of course I want to move in here. Where's this coming from?"

Ryan looks down at the tie, straightening it even though it's already straight but needing something to do. He hasn't touched me this morning and barely looked at me. Yep, total baby.

Since he hasn't answered me, I add, "Have *you* changed your mind about me being here? I know you think I've been avoiding packing, but I've set aside the entire day today to get it done, and Goodwill is coming by to pick up everything I don't need anymore. But I can call them and cancel . . ."

His eyes and hands are finally on me. "Yes, I still want you here. I didn't know that's what you were planning to do today. But you've picked the one day I can't help you. I'm swamped today."

Today is Thursday, and he'll be fifty miles away from here at his East Texas office for the day. Just like he is every Thursday.

"I know, the timing sucks. But today was the only day I could get off work and the only afternoon Goodwill could send a truck over. I don't have much, so even by myself, it shouldn't take long."

His hands squeeze my sides while he leans forward to kiss me on the lips. His pout long gone, I hook my feet around the back of his legs and pull him close.

"Maybe I can call in sick. I am the boss, after all, and it's high time I abused my position of power," he says with a laugh.

I giggle between kisses. "Save your sick day for something better than packing. And really, there won't be that much to pack since I'm giving almost everything away." I glance through the door to the bedroom. "My stuff isn't as nice as yours, so there's no reason to keep it."

His hands go to my face. "I told you, anything you want to bring here, we'll make room for it. You don't have to get rid of your stuff."

Biting my bottom lip, I say, "I promise you, you don't want my ugly secondhand couch in your living room."

"How would I know if I didn't want your ugly secondhand couch in my living room? You've never let me see it." I try to sidestep this landmine of a conversation by looking away, but his finger pulls my chin back so we're eye to eye. "You don't have to be embarrassed."

"Yes, I do," I say, matching his stare. Then I lean in and kiss him quickly to avoid another pout. "You'll see it on Saturday when we meet the movers there. I scheduled them yesterday. And Sunday will be spent finding space for my stuff here. Save your sick day for Monday. By Monday, we'll both be exhausted and I'm sure we'll need a pajama day. Pajamas optional."

He leans his forehead against mine, his smile infectious. "It's a date." With a last quick kiss, he pushes away from me and strolls out of the bathroom.

Twenty minutes after Ryan's Tahoe pulls out of the driveway, I'm doing the same in my ten-year-old 4Runner. Lake Forbing is a medium-size town in north Louisiana that is known for its fertile farmlands and deep pockets of natural gas. There is a lot of money in this area, but it's the quiet kind. It takes fifteen minutes to get to Lake View Apartments from Ryan's house, and from what I can tell it's nowhere near the lake this town was named after.

I pull into the empty spot designated for apartment 203, right next to the idling Goodwill truck.

"You're early, Pat," I say to the driver once we're both out of our vehicles.

He nods. "Our first run didn't take as long as I thought it would. Which unit is it?"

Pat follows me up the stairs while his helper opens the back of the large box truck. Stopping in front of the door, I pull a key out of my bag. "This is me."

He nods again and heads back downstairs. It takes me a couple of tries to get the bolt to unlatch; lack of use has made it stubborn. Just as I'm turning the knob, I hear the *thump, thump* of the metal dolly bouncing up the stairs.

I hold the door open as Pat and his helper struggle to get the dolly through the narrow frame.

"Where do you want them?" he asks.

Glancing around the empty apartment, I say, "Just put them in the middle of the room."

I eye the first stack of boxes, each filled with the items I've spent the last four days picking out. Things Pat has been storing for me in that box truck until I was ready for him to bring them here. Things that I will move to Ryan's house on Saturday. Things I will say I've owned for years rather than days.

It takes two trips to get all the boxes upstairs. I pull five twenties out of my back pocket and hand them to Pat. This is not a service Goodwill offers, but for a slip of cash, he was more than happy to help.

The guys are almost out the door when I ask, "Oh, did you bring the extra boxes?"

Pat shrugs and looks back to his helper, who says, "Yeah, they're in the back of the truck. Want them up here?"

If either of them thinks this is strange, they don't let on. "No. You can leave them on the sidewalk in front of my car."

I follow them back outside. As they unload the stack of flat cardboard, I walk to the back of my car, where I retrieve a small black bag from the cargo area. I thank them again as they climb back into the truck. There are only a few things left to take care of.

The layout of the apartment is simple. Front door opens to a small living room with a kitchen against the back wall. A narrow hallway leads to a bathroom and bedroom. Beige carpet meets beige linoleum meets beige walls.

In the kitchen area, I unzip the black bag and remove four menus from nearby restaurants and three pictures I printed from the kiosk at CVS of Ryan and me, plus seven magnets to hold each item in place on the refrigerator. Next, I grab the assortment of condiments and pour half of each one down the sink drain before lining them in

the door of the refrigerator. Moving to the bathroom, black bag in tow, I pull out the shampoo and conditioner then pour half of each down the drain like I did with the condiments, before putting the bottles on the edge of the tub. Unwrapping a bar of Lever 2000 soap, I set it on top of the drain in the sink and turn the water on, rotating it every few minutes until the logo is gone and the edges are dulled, then drop it into the small built-in space on the shower wall. Toothpaste is last. Starting from the bottom, I squeeze a portion out but leave a glob or two on the rim of the sink, just like I do at Ryan's house, even though I know he'll fuss about it. Leaving the cap off, I drop the tube on the counter near the faucet.

Last stop is the bedroom. I pull out an assortment of wire and plastic hangers, the last items in the bag, and space them out on the empty metal rod. Back in the small living room, I scatter the neat pile of boxes around until the floor is littered with them. I pick two boxes, one filled with books and one filled with an assortment of old perfume bottles, and pull them open. The box with books is easy to unpack so it's only a minute or so before I have several small piles next to the box as if I haven't gotten around to packing them yet.

The perfume bottles take a little more time. I move the box to the small kitchen counter and unwrap the four on top, setting them down on the Formica surface. The light from the window hits them just right, and the thin, colorful glass acts like a prism, shooting rays of blue, purple, pink, and green around the dingy room.

Of all the shopping I did this week, the perfume bottles were the hardest and, surprisingly, the most fun to find. It's a fluke, really, that I even needed to search for them, but after running across a Facebook post Ryan was tagged in, I knew this was just the sort of item I needed to "collect." He had gotten his mother one for her birthday last year. It was an Art Deco piece, a ball of etched glass wrapped in silver and adorned with small, mirrored squares, and looked exactly like the type of gift Jay Gatsby would have given Daisy. It was beautiful, and from the smile on her face, she loved it.

And if I was the type of girl who collected things, this would definitely be it.

I survey the room a final time. Everything looks exactly as I want it to. That I'm all packed except for the few lingering things I didn't get to, a few random possessions left to put away.

"Knock, knock," a voice says from the doorway, and I spin around. It's the woman who works in the office of this complex, the woman I rented this apartment from on Monday afternoon.

She steps into the room and looks around at the mess on the floor. "I was worried when I hadn't seen anyone here since Monday."

I slide my hands into my front pockets and lean back against the wall next to the kitchen counter, crossing one ankle in front of the other. My movements are slow but calculated. It worries me she's here, checking on me, and that she'll feel the same need to do so on Saturday, when Ryan is here moving me out. I picked a place where neighbors don't bother to get to know one another, and the rent includes utilities since units can be leased by the week. And one week was all I needed.

It must have piqued her interest when I rented one of the few unfurnished units. Usually if someone goes to the trouble of moving furniture in, they plan on staying longer than seven days, but I didn't want Ryan to think my life was so transient that I didn't even have my own couch so the furnished unit wasn't an option. And here we are on day four and there's nothing to show for my stay except eight boxes, strategically placed around the room.

Her hand runs along the top of the nearest box and she's eyeing the perfume bottles on the counter. I know her type. Her makeup is heavy, her clothes tight, and once upon a time she would have been considered pretty, but the years have not been kind to her. Her eyes soak in everything happening around her. This is the sort of place that is rented for illicit purposes, and she rules over all of it, constantly on the lookout for any situation she can use to her advantage. And now she has crossed the parking lot and walked

right into my apartment because she knows I've got something going on but can't figure out how to use it against me.

"Just want to make sure you're getting settled in," she says.

"I am," I answer, then glance at the name tag pinned to her low-cut blouse. "Shawna, your concern is unnecessary. And unwelcome."

Her back stiffens. My brusque tone is in opposition to my relaxed stance. She walked in here thinking she owned this situation, understood it on some level, but I've thrown her.

"Should I still presume this unit will be empty and your key returned by five p.m. on Sunday?" she asks.

"As I presume there will be no more unexpected visits," I answer, tilting my head toward the door and giving her a small smile.

She clucks her tongue against the roof of her mouth, then turns to leave. It takes everything in me not to throw the bolt closed behind her. But I'm almost finished here, and there's still more to be done before Ryan crosses the Louisiana state line at five thirty this afternoon.

CHAPTER 3

Ryan's grandfather passed away three years ago, only a year after his wife, and left Ryan his home along with every piece of furniture, every dish in the cabinet, every picture on the wall. Oh, and a hefty sum of cash too.

From the way Ryan tells it, one day he dropped by to check on his grandfather, only to find he had died peacefully in his sleep, and then a week later Ryan was moving in. The only possessions he brought with him were his clothes, toiletries, and a new mattress for the bedroom. Ryan probably would have made room for an ugly second-hand couch . . . if I had one.

His street is lined with large oak trees, their branches shading every inch of sidewalk. The neighbors are all older, more established, and love to tell me how they've watched "that sweet boy" grow up since he was a baby. This is the kind of house you live in when you've finally made it. When you've had a couple of kids and the pressing fear of not being able to pay your bills lessens and no longer has the ability to suffocate you.

But it's too big for Ryan. It's two stories with a wide front porch and big backyard, white with dark green shutters, manicured flower beds, and a brick path that leads to the front door. It would take several minutes to walk through if you needed to check every room—big enough that someone could come in the carport door and you wouldn't hear it from the main bedroom.

I back my car into the driveway to shorten the distance I'll have to carry the boxes. It's not until I pop the rear hatch that I notice Ryan's neighbors to the left, Ben and Maggie Rogers, are watching

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Exploring the Variety of Random Documents with Different Content

thread, beads, looking-glasses, and some other trifles, and you will have an outfit for the trip. Of course you will suit yourselves about guns, pistols, cooking utensils, scientific apparatus, and the like, and remember to have no package weighing more than seventy-five pounds, which is the load of an Indian porter. Professor Orton had thirteen horses to carry himself and party as far as the horses could go, and from there to the Napo he had twenty Indian porters, which is probably what you would need. The whole expense for horses and porters will be about one hundred and fifty dollars; at Napo you will hire canoes to descend the river, and the hardships of your journey will be over.

RAPIDS IN A MOUNTAIN STREAM OF SOUTH AMERICA.

"There are many rapids in the Napo River, and the voyage will be an exciting one; the rapids look very dangerous, but the Indians are excellent boatmen, and, if you let them alone, they will carry you safely along with the current. At Pebas, on the Maranon, it may be necessary to wait a few days for a steamboat, as the navigation is not regular, but you can be reasonably sure of no further trouble on your way down the Maranon and Amazon to the Atlantic."

The Doctor thanked Francisco for his information, and told him they would think the subject over, and have a further talk with him the next morning.

When he appeared again before them Dr. Bronson reiterated his previous assertion, that they could not change their plans, but the guide was rewarded

for his information by a present of money that put him immediately in good-humor. He assisted them in their preparations for the return to the coast, and accompanied them as far as Guaranda, where new animals were engaged to Bodegas.

We will now seat our friends on the enchanted carpet of the Arabian Nights' Entertainment, and with the swiftness of thought place them on board a steamer leaving Guayaquil for Callao.

CHAPTER VIII.

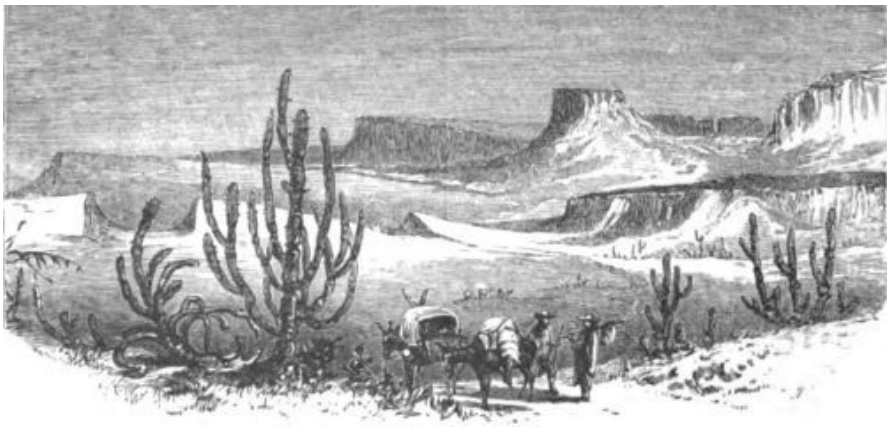
FROM GUAYAQUIL TO CALLAO.—LANDING AT PAITA.—THE SITE OF OLD CALLAO.—ARRIVAL AT LIMA.—SIGHTS OF THE PERUVIAN CAPITAL.—GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY AND ITS INHABITANTS.

Paita, in Peru, was the first stopping-place of the steamer, but the delay was only for a few hours, and our friends had no opportunity for a lengthened visit to the shore. But they voted unanimously that they had seen all that was worth seeing, as the place contained very few attractions.

WATER-CARRIER AND DONKEYS.

Paita is on a bay affording good anchorage for ships; it is the seaport of the city of Piura, which lies at the foot of the mountains, on the other side of the desert of Sechura. There is no sign of vegetation in and around Paita, and the water which supplies the wants of the residents is brought from a point thirty miles inland. Formerly it was transported on the backs of donkeys, but

recently a pipe has been laid for the entire distance, and the inhabitants are no longer dependent upon the vagaries of the long-eared animal for their aqueous supply.



DESERT SCENE.

As soon as the steamer dropped her anchor the Doctor and the youths went on shore. They landed at an iron pier in front of a beach of gray sand, where there was a single street of houses, mostly very frail in construction. Some of the shops and dwellings were solidly built, but the majority were of a sort of basket-work covered with plastered mud, presenting many impromptu loop-holes through which the occupants could gaze on the outer world. Back of the town is a cliff of volcanic stone, rising rather steeply; Frank and Fred climbed to the top of the cliff, while the Doctor remained in conversation with one of the English residents. The youths could hardly say if they had been repaid for their exertions, as they saw only the distant range of mountains beyond the desert, which was said to be about fifty miles across. The desert was of the same color as the beach and the cliffs behind it, and the landscape of Paita may be set down as monotonous.

"Whether you are repaid or not," said the Doctor, when they returned, "may be an open question, but you have had a view of Peru, and certainly that is worth something."

"I hope the rest of Peru is different from what we have just seen," replied Frank, with a laugh.

"You have had a fair sample of it here," answered the Doctor. "From this point to the southern boundary of Peru there is little else than a strip of desert between the Andes and the sea. In some parts of it rain never falls, and the whole expanse is barren of vegetation. Here and there rivers come down to the ocean, but none of them are large, and the majority are dry for the

greater part of the year. The Guayas, which we ascended from Guayaquil to Bodegas, is the largest river on the whole Pacific coast of South America."

"I understand," said Fred, "that the strip between the mountains and the ocean on the western side of South America is very narrow, and therefore the rivers cannot be large; but how does it happen that there is so little rain, and, in some places, none at all?"

"I will endeavor to explain it," replied Dr. Bronson, "and in doing so will call your attention to the fertile regions of the Amazon, Orinoco, and La Plata, on the eastern side of the Andes, in contrast with the arid desert on the west. The tropical winds from the Atlantic Ocean are laden with moisture; they blow with great regularity from east to west, and thus sweep over the country drained by the rivers I have mentioned. Rain is frequent and copious all through that region; it varies with the seasons of the year, but is always sufficient to keep the channels of the streams well filled.

"The rains continue up to the foot of the Andes and along their eastern slopes. The mountains condense the moisture from the warm winds, and up to the very crest of the dividing ridge there is an abundance of rain. But by the time the winds have crossed the Andes all the water they carried has been wrung from them, and when they reach the Pacific slope they have no more to give out. Thus it happens that the eastern slopes of the Andes and the great plains intervening to the Atlantic have an abundance of water, while there is little or none at all for the west.

A WOLF EMIGRATING.

"There is a part of Peru and Bolivia where rain never falls," continued the Doctor. "It is known as the '*Despoblado*' or 'The Uninhabited,' in consequence of the severity of its climate, and the great difficulty of existing there. In the language of a once-famous statesman of America, it is 'so poor that a wolf couldn't make a decent living there.'"

"Does this condition of dryness extend all along the western coast to the end of the continent?" one of the youths inquired.

"No," was the reply. "As we go south through Chili we encounter more moisture in the climate, and on reaching Patagonia we find the western slopes of the Andes drenched by frequent rains, and the tops of the mountains almost constantly covered with clouds. This condition is due to the trade-winds, which blow from the south Pacific Ocean to the land; the plains east of the Andes in Patagonia are comparatively dry, and swept by cold winds from the snow-tipped summits of the mountains. Remember, we are south of the equator, and the farther south we go the more cold do we find."

In conversations like this, and in the examination of books relating to Peru and other parts of South America, the time passed during the voyage from Paita to Callao. Frank was busy with Prescott's "Conquest of Peru," while Fred carefully conned the pages of "Peru, or Travel and Exploration in the Land of the Incas," by Hon. E. G. Squier. Frank declared that the work of Prescott "read like a romance," while Fred was equally enthusiastic over the book which claimed his attention. It is quite likely that they will rely upon these volumes for much of their information concerning the antiquities of Peru, and the story of its occupation by the Spanish conquerors.

The steamer kept far out to sea, and very little of the coast between Paita and Callao was visible. Finally, on a misty morning, her head was turned towards the land; passing a high, rocky island on the right, and leaving a low shore on the left, she entered the harbor of Callao, and dropped anchor among a miscellaneous assemblage of steamers and sailing-ships, bearing the flags of at least a dozen foreign nations, together with a liberal array of Peruvian and Chilian craft. The Doctor explained that there is generally a mist hanging over the harbor of Callao in the morning, owing to the condensation of the tropical moisture by the cold current of air sweeping northward from the Antarctic regions. The ships at anchor were revealed through this mist, and so were the towers of the castle that commands the harbor and the town at its base. Beyond the shore was a line of hills backed against the snowy mountains in the distance. The shore formed a pleasing contrast to the one they left at Paita, as it was covered with trees, and indicated a break in the desert that the Doctor had described.

The steamer was immediately surrounded by boats, and the boatmen hailed the passengers in a perfect polyglot of languages; they endeavored to make bargains previous to the arrival of the captain of the port, without whose authority the ship could not hold communication with the shore. That official

took his time, and made everybody impatient; he was visiting a steamer that had just arrived from the south, and was not disposed to hurry.

Frank and Fred relieved the monotony of waiting by studying the outlines of the shore, taking note of the heterogeneous array of boatmen, listening to their appeals for patronage, and attempting a sketch of the fort which defended the city and harbor. But their artistic efforts were so frequently interrupted that the sketches were unsatisfactory, and we are not permitted to reproduce them.

"The harbor of Callao is nothing to boast of," said the Doctor, "but it is better than most others on the Pacific coast. The prevailing winds are from the south and southwest, and protection is afforded from those winds by the island of San Lorenzo and the tongue of land where Old Callao stood."

"Why was the city moved from its former position?" Fred asked. "What was the difference between Old Callao and the present one?"

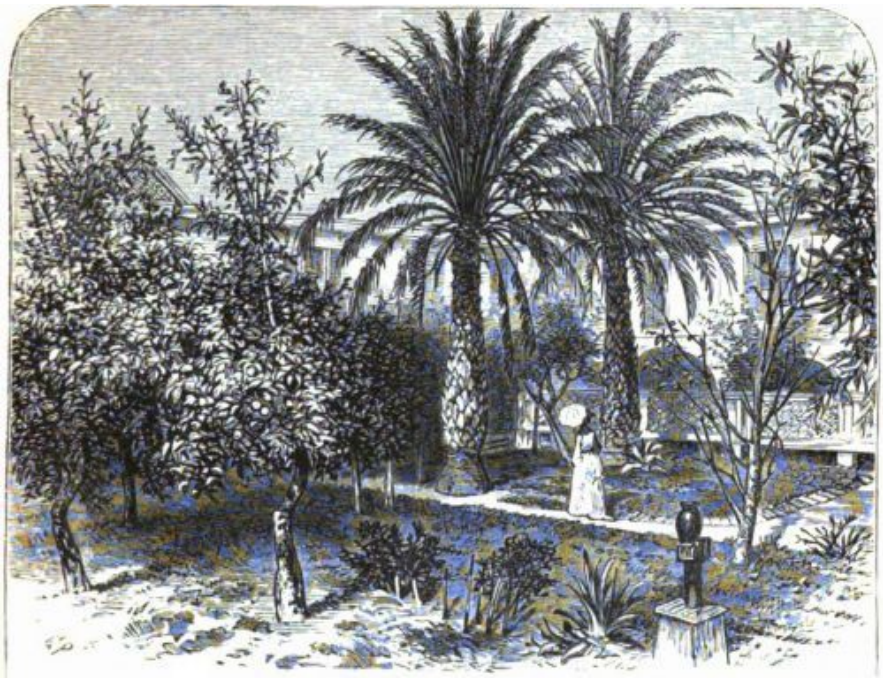
"It was an earthquake that moved it," replied Dr. Bronson. "Callao was submerged, with all its inhabitants, in 1746, and when the water is calm you can row over it in a boat, and see the ruins down below you. At half-past ten o'clock one night the sea receded to a great distance, and then rolled back with such violence as to sweep the town and its fortifications out of existence. Five thousand persons perished; nineteen ships were foundered, and four others, including a Spanish man-of-war, were carried far up on the land. Modern Callao had a narrow escape from a similar fate in 1825 and again in 1868, and at any moment it is liable to be engulfed like its predecessor."

SHIPS IN A FOG.

The captain of the port came, and then the passengers were at liberty to land. The landing-place is at the side of a mole which protects the harbor on

its northern side from the swell of the Pacific. Frank and Fred were surprised to see large piles of grain in the open air, together with other merchandise, but their wonder ceased when they were told that it never rains at Callao, the only moisture being from the mists and fogs already mentioned. The absence of rain renders the place unhealthy, as the drainage is not good, and the heat is great. Frank thought Callao was an excellent rival to Cologne in the way of bad odors, and both the youths were disinclined to make a prolonged stay.

The party went immediately to the railway station, followed by porters with their baggage, and in less than half an hour were on their way to Lima, six miles distant. There is nothing worth seeing in Callao, which has a population of some twenty-five or thirty thousand, and is important only from a commercial point of view. The railway skirts the shore for a short distance, then passes through a suburb of the town, and ascends an acclivity of about five hundred feet, which lies between the ocean and the capital city. For nearly the whole distance it is close to the *Camino Real* or Royal Road, the old route established by the Spaniards to connect Lima with its seaport. The train toiled slowly up the incline, and accomplished the journey in little less than half an hour. This travelling would be considered slow in other countries, but it is satisfactory to the inhabitants, as nobody in Lima ever thinks of hurrying.



A GARDEN ON THE RIMAC.

Much of the country between Callao and Lima is under cultivation, by means of irrigating canals brought from the Rimac River. The Rimac dwindles to a small brook in the dry season, but in the period of rains it swells into quite a

river, and furnishes more water than is needed. In the absence of rain it is the sole reliance for the gardens and fields around Lima; it is as necessary to this region as is the Nile to Lower Egypt. Without the Rimac, Lima would dry up and disappear; with it the city stands in a surrounding of luxuriant gardens and smiling fields.

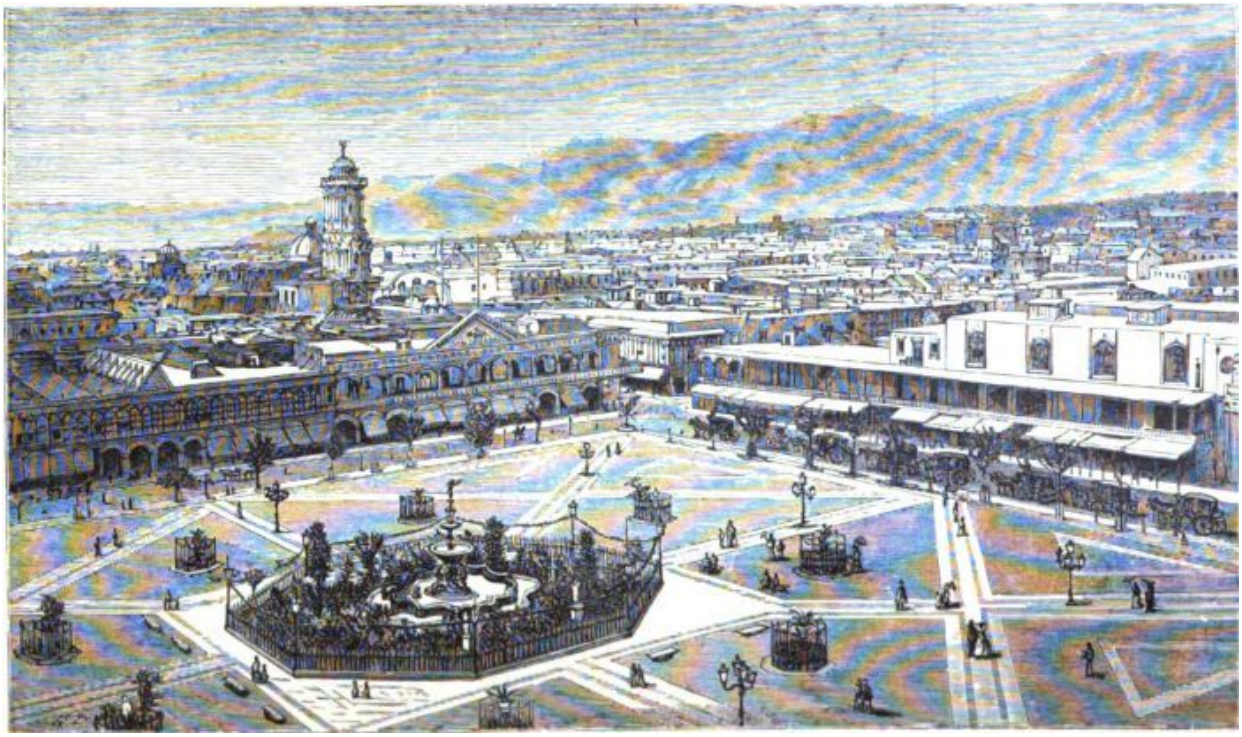
A CLAIMANT FOR THE SIDEWALK.

The baggage was intrusted to an employé of the hotel, who had been telegraphed for, and met our friends at the station; guided by a servant from the same establishment, they walked the short distance intervening between the station and their lodging-place, narrowly escaping collisions with troops of laden donkeys, that rushed along the streets as though they possessed the sole right of occupation. They seemed to prefer the sidewalks to the middle of the street, probably because the latter was less smooth than the sidewalks, and their drivers didn't care where they went as long as they kept moving in the right direction. Few carriages were visible, and these few were not attractive in appearance.

For a description of Lima we will quote from Frank's letter to his mother, which was sent by the next steamer northward from Callao:

"Here we are, in the 'City of the Kings,' as it was named by Pizarro. According to the histories, it was on the 6th of January, 1535, Old Style, that the Spanish conqueror designated it as the capital of his dominions. That day happened to be the festival of the Magi, or Three Wise Men of the East, who came to Bethlehem to adore the Saviour; in old chronicles they are styled 'The Three Kings,' and hence Pizarro called his capital *Ciudad de los Reyes*, or 'City of the Kings.' Charles V. designated the arms of the city to be three golden crowns on a blue field, with a rayed star to indicate the Star of Bethlehem,

which guided the kings. The name Lima is a modification or adaptation of the native word *Rimac*, which formerly belonged to the plain or valley where the city is built, and is still borne by the river which supplies it with water.



VIEW OF LIMA FROM THE STEPS OF THE CATHEDRAL.

"In many respects Lima is one of the most interesting cities of South America; certainly we have found it full of attractions, and have not had an idle minute since our arrival. We have been trying to imagine what it must have been when surrounded by the walls which the Spaniards built at great expense. These walls have proved useless in modern times; they have been completely destroyed, and the space they occupied is converted into promenades, or laid out in gardens or building-lots. The walls enclosed an area about three miles long by one and a half broad, on the left bank of the Rimac; they were twenty feet thick, and somewhat more in height, and were made of *adobes*, the favorite building-material of this part of the world. The city is about ten miles in circumference, but a large part of its area is laid out in gardens and public squares, so that the whole is by no means occupied.

LIMA AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

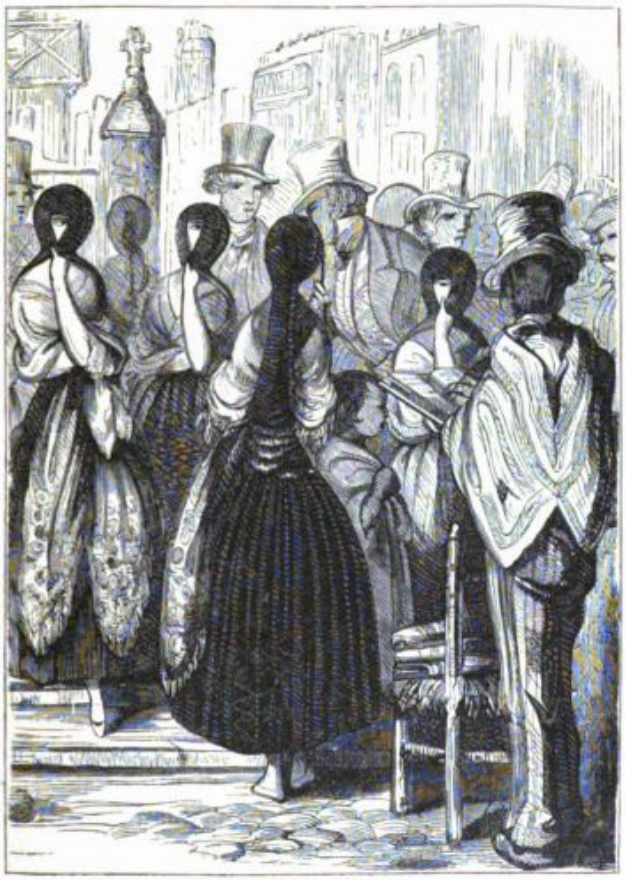
"I send you a map of Lima and the surrounding country, which will give you an excellent idea of its position. Unhappily for Peru, much of the beautiful region around its capital was laid waste by the invading army during the late war between Chili and Peru; Chili was completely victorious, and also unmerciful, and in the battle which decided the fate of Lima many of the country-houses and villages in the neighborhood were burned. This was the sad lot of Chorillos, the Long Branch or Coney Island of Lima, and also of Miraflores, which lies between Chorillos and the great city.

"There is a railway from Chorillos to Lima, passing through Miraflores; the invading army landed at Chorillos, and marched along the line of railway to Lima. They destroyed nearly everything on the route, and were only prevented from burning and plundering the city by the energy of the British minister and other members of the diplomatic corps, backed by the English and French admirals, with their ships of war in the harbor of Callao.

"So much for the horrors of war, which this country will long remember. The population of Lima is variously placed at from one hundred thousand to one

hundred and twenty thousand; there are about fifteen thousand foreigners and six thousand priests among them, so that you cannot go far on the streets without meeting either a foreigner or a priest. In all the cities we have ever seen there does not appear to be a more mixed lot of inhabitants than here; Constantinople and Cairo are not more kaleidoscopic than Lima, and I think the American city is somewhat ahead of them.

"There are English, French, German, Spanish, Belgian, and North American residents here; there are Chinese and Negroes, white, black, yellow, and all other complexions among the natives of the country, besides, as Fred says, 'several wards to hear from.' Professor Orton says there are at least twenty-five varieties of people in Lima; the upper classes are educated and polite, while the lowest of the population are among the most dangerous in the world. During the night before the occupation of Lima by the Chilian army the dangerous class had possession of the city for some hours, and committed many depredations. The foreigners organized a temporary police, and stopped the disorder; if they had not done so the whole city would have been plundered.



WEARING THE "SAYA Y MANTO."

"We used to read in our school-books that the ladies of Lima covered their faces with the *saya y manto*, or veil, when out walking, so that only one eye could be seen. We saw a few veils worn in this way, and the Doctor said the wearers were probably old, and not pretty; the most of the ladies have dropped the old fashion, and permit their faces to be seen, using the veil only as a covering for the top of the head. I enclose a photograph of a lady of Lima to-day, and a sketch which shows the old style of wearing the *saya y manto*.

A LADY OF LIMA.

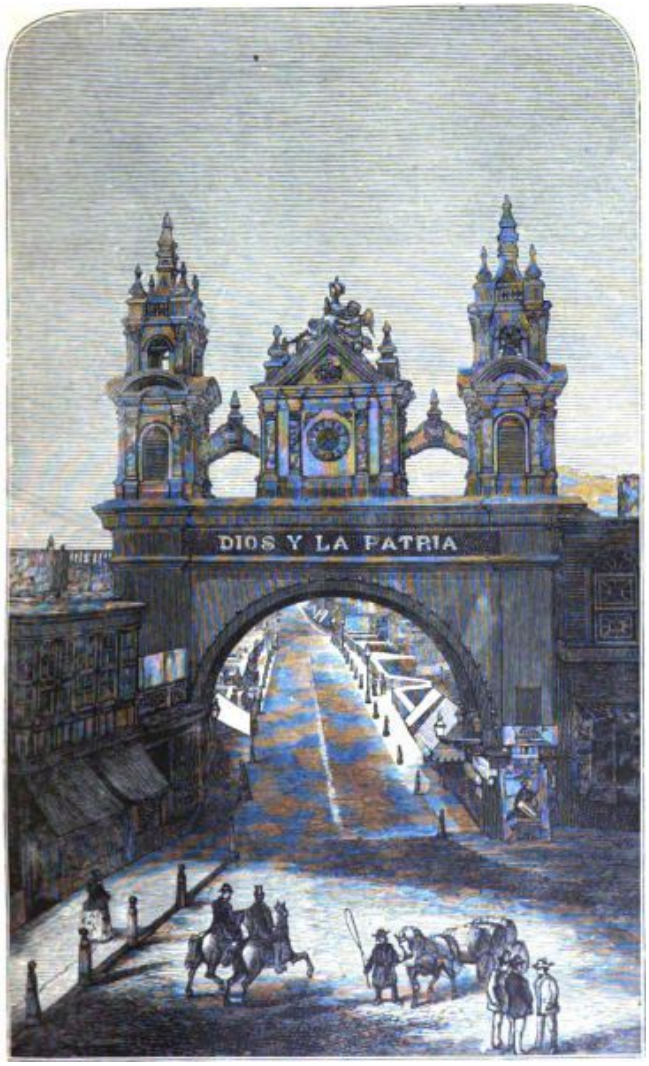
"We spent the first evening of our visit in strolling through the Plaza Mayor, or Great Square, which covers nine acres of ground, and listening to a band of music which played several national and other airs. There is a bronze fountain in the centre of the square, and a garden around the fountain where tropical plants and trees seemed to flourish. The cathedral is on one side of the square; it is a fine building, and its corner-stone was laid by Pizarro twelve days after the city was founded. Our guide took us from the cathedral to an alley leading from the south side of the square, and pointed out the house where the great conqueror was assassinated. 'But he killed three of his assailants before they could overpower him,' said the guide, proudly, as if in reverence of the memory of Pizarro. We thought he might claim to be a descendant of one of the Spanish conquerors, and make his noble blood an excuse for demanding increased pay for his services, but he did not.

INTERIOR COURT, LIMA.

"The government palace fronts on the plaza, and the rest of the space surrounding the square is occupied by shops, principally filled with European goods; American products may be seen here, but not as often as we wished to find them. In two of the shops we observed that the weighing was done on Fairbanks' Scales, and our guide said the same apparatus could be found all through Lima, and elsewhere in Peru. Of the agricultural machinery used in Peru the greater part is said to be of American manufacture.

"One of the sights of Lima is the stone bridge over the Rimac; it was built by the old Spaniards, and has stood bravely against all the earthquakes that have shaken the city for the last three centuries. The bridge is five hundred and thirty feet long, and rests on stone arches; at the entrance there is a splendid arch bearing the inscription 'Dios y La Patria' ('God and Country'). We walked over the bridge, and from its parapet looked upon the river, which was not over two feet deep in its principal channel, while a large part of its bed was bare. The Rimac resembles the Manzanares at Madrid, and some of the foreign residents say the bottom has to be sprinkled at times to keep it from flying away. When the rain falls in the mountains the Rimac swells to a considerable stream, and rushes along with great violence.

"Speaking of the stone bridge reminds me that the founders of the city used stone for the construction of the public buildings, and their example has been followed to some extent in modern times. But the common buildings are of *adobe*, which does very well in a climate where there is so little rain, and lasts a long time. The roofs are nearly all flat; it never snows here, and it never rains more than a few drops at a time. Consequently the chief use of a roof is

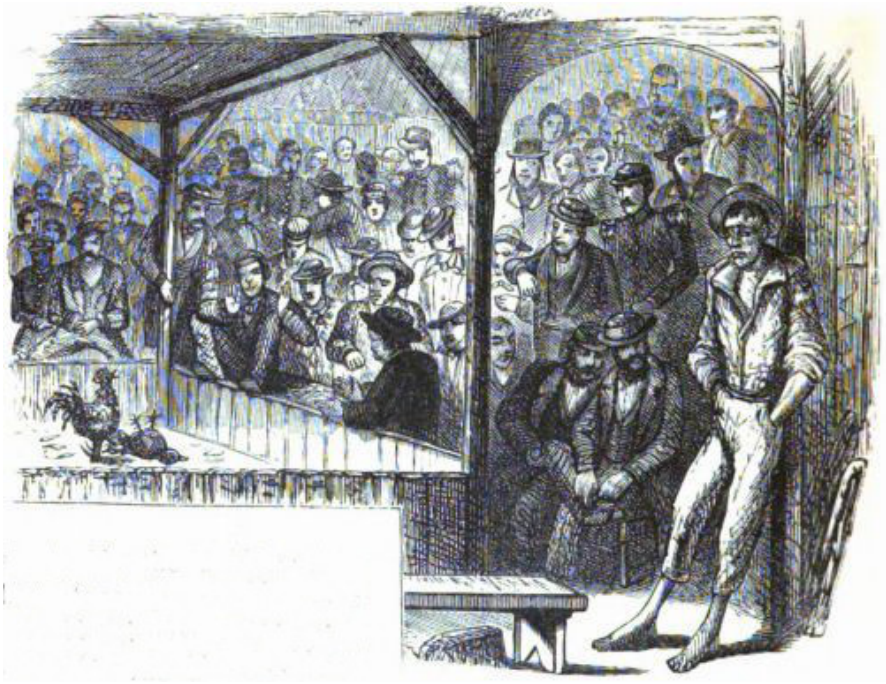


BRIDGE OVER THE RIMAC, LIMA.

to exclude the sun. The temperature ranges from 60° to 88°, stoves and other heating apparatus are unknown, and the only fires are for cooking purposes. From November to March the weather is dry and delightful, but from March to November it is damp and unhealthy, owing to the continuous fogs that roll in from the ocean.

"But in spite of its even climate the deaths exceed the births in Lima, and if the city were not constantly recruited from other parts of the country and the world it would be depopulated. I am told that the mortality among infants is three times as great as in London or New York. It is attributed to the dampness of the climate for a part of the year, and the bad drainage consequent upon the absence of rain. Regions where rain never falls may be pleasant for those who do not like umbrellas and rubber clothing, but there are disadvantages which more than outweigh the comforts.

"The buildings cover a large area, and are nearly always constructed with central court-yards. They are rarely of more than two stories, and the roofs would be of little use in Boston or New York. The roofs are generally of a single thickness of boards, or of poles covered with matting, supporting a layer of sand or ashes, to absorb the moisture of the fogs. A summer shower such as we are familiar with on the banks of the Hudson or Connecticut would soak the whole of Lima so that hardly a house would be inhabitable.



ONE USE FOR CHICKENS.

"We were roused early in the morning by the crowing of chickens above our heads, and on looking around to find the cause of the disturbance we found that the roofs of the houses in Lima are the favorite places for keeping poultry. The flat surface and the absence of rain adapt the roof to this purpose, and the people are evidently too lazy to maintain their fowls elsewhere. You would think chickens might be cheap, when there are such facilities for rearing them; but they are not, and the same is the case with beef, mutton, and other animal food. A good many of the chickens are kept for fighting purposes, and not to be eaten; cock-fights are a common amusement among the people, and a great deal of money changes hands at one of these performances.

"We had a pleasant walk through the central market, which is in a large building covering an entire square; or, rather, built around the square with a court in the centre.

"On the sides of the square there are stalls for the larger dealers; the galleries and the open space in the centre are occupied by women who sit beside the articles they have to sell, and keep up a perpetual conversation with each other, like market-women all over the world. Lying only 12° south of the equator, Lima has a tropical climate; with the outlying range of the Andes sixty miles away, she is within a short railway ride of a temperate region. The result is that you can find in the market the vegetable products of two zones;

those of the torrid, from the neighborhood of Lima, and those of the temperate, from the mountains.

"Here are tomatoes, green corn, cucumbers, radishes, parsnips, and other growths of New England or New York, side by side with oranges, peaches, chirimoyas, grapes, mangoes, and other tropical things whose names are not familiar to you. Flowers are in great abundance, and roses are everywhere grown in the gardens. You see them in great variety and profusion, and it is claimed for Lima that she can show more kinds of roses than any other city in the world. There are vases of growing flowers in nearly all the court-yards and on the balconies, and the women of all classes use the flowers for decorating their hair. At one time there was almost a craze for the cultivation of roses, and many a man spent a large part of his income in the experiment.

"We cannot say much for the cookery of Lima, if we are to judge by what we have seen. The hotel is managed by a Frenchman; his table is mainly French, but he has adopted some of the native dishes and customs. One article that may be called the national dish of Peru is a part of his bill of fare, and known as *puchero*. I have obtained the recipe for it, and here it is:

"'Have a kettle according to the size of your puchero; put in this kettle a large piece of beef or mutton, some cabbage, sweet potatoes, salt pork, sausage-meat, pigs' feet, *yucas*, bananas, quinces, pease, and rice, with spices, salt, and plenty of red pepper for seasoning. Add sufficient water, and stew the whole gently for five or six hours; then serve in a tureen or deep dish.'

"Puchero is patterned somewhat after the *olla podrida* of Spain, the chowder of New England, and the *bouillabiasse* of southern France, but it has more ingredients and more flavors than all of them; I cannot say I dislike it, but could get along better if they would make it with less red pepper. They seem to think that the more pepper they put in the better; our taste has become hardened to hot things in our experience with Oriental curries and African stews, but it is not yet quite up to the mark with these Spanish American preparations.

LADIES OF LIMA AT HOME.

"Another stew, simpler than puchero, is called *chupe*; it is a favorite dish for breakfast, but not often served at dinner. The lower classes are fond of *picantes*, compounded of meat, fish, crabs, meal, potatoes, bananas, and red peppers, mixed with the juice of bitter oranges, and stewed with water. We have tasted of this wonderful mixture, but could not get to the second spoonful in consequence of the fiery nature of the peppers. Fred says they use a pound of peppers to a pound of all the other ingredients, water included, and I can believe it. Swallowing a torchlight procession would be preferable to a dinner of picantes. Around the landing-place at Callao we saw women, with little braziers of charcoal, ladling out the steaming picantes to the idlers and laborers of the port, and we are told it is their only article of food. In the poorer parts of Lima there is a *picanteria* every few yards, and each establishment has its patrons among the porters, water-carriers, and negro laborers of the neighborhood. The many varieties of picantes have distinct names, but all are flavored with red pepper in abundance.

PERUVIAN INFANTRY AND CAVALRY.

"There was formerly a custom in Peru, on occasions of formality, for the host and hostess to eat by themselves, beforehand, and take nothing during the progress of the ceremonious meal. They sat at opposite ends of the table, and were supposed to be attending to the wants of their guests. The same custom prevails in some parts of Russia, but is passing away there as it is here.

"Another bit of table etiquette formerly prevailing in Peru, and not yet entirely unknown, was to select some delicate morsel from the dish before you, and hand it on your fork to a lady of the party. She would return the compliment, and sometimes it was made rather surprising to the stranger when she took the morsel in her fingers, and placed it in the mouth of the one who had paid her the compliment. I am told that this latter part of the ceremonial, based on the correctness of the adage that fingers were made before forks, was confined to the interior provinces, and was not fashionable in Lima."

A PASSAGE OF POLITENESS.

CHAPTER IX.

EQUESTRIANS AND THEIR COSTUMES.—LADIES OF LIMA.—EXCURSIONS AMONG RUINS.—PACHACAMAC, A HOLY CITY.—THE ANCIENT PERUVIANS.—ORIGIN OF THE INCA GOVERNMENT.

A PERUVIAN CAVALIER.

Horseback riding is a fashionable amusement in Lima, to judge by the number of mounted men that are seen in the streets and in the surrounding country. Our friends learned, somewhat to their disappointment, that it has declined a good deal in the past twenty years, and the gentlemen of Lima are now less renowned than formerly for their equestrianism. Still, there are many excellent riders in Lima, and occasionally one can be seen dressed in the costume that was once universally worn by the Peruvian cavaliers. The fashions of Paris have been adopted by society people in Lima, and the picturesqueness of the old style of dress is fast disappearing.

Lima contains many professional horse-breakers, and they are among the best of their class. Peruvian horses are easily instructed, and many of them perform surprising tricks; one of their feats is to turn around rapidly on the hind-legs when going at full gallop, and another is to jump over a wall, and immediately back again, with their riders on their backs. It is said that an English circus company once came to Lima, but the proprietor and performers were disgusted, and made haste to leave the country, when they found there were many horsemen in the city who could fully equal all the equestrian feats of the ring.

HORSE-BREAKERS AT WORK.

One of the performances of the horse-breakers is to make a horse jump to the top of a broad wall, and describe a segment of a circle while standing on his hind-feet, and holding his fore-feet over the edge of the wall. He will do this repeatedly, and thus convince the spectator that it was not accidental.

Fred made the following note of the costume of the Peruvian cavalier, uncontaminated by foreign influences:

"He wears a *poncho*, smaller than that of the country muleteer, and more gaudy in its appearance; it is a fringed shawl reaching to the hips when the wearer is standing upright, and just covering the knees when he is in the saddle. A hole in the centre admits the head, and the shawl hangs gracefully over the shoulders of its wearer; it is more convenient than a jacket, or any other riding-garment, as it leaves the arms perfectly free to move in any direction, and there are no buttons to get loose.

"The colors of the poncho are as varied as the tastes of the owners. Sometimes they are pure white, without any ornamentation, but much oftener they are richly embroidered, or made in varieties of stripes, embracing all the colors of the rainbow. The trousers are close-fitting; they have a stripe on the outside of the leg, and are held by a strap beneath the foot. No horseman would consider himself properly equipped without a pair of enormous spurs, the rowels standing out three or four inches from the heel, and the spurs containing altogether fully a pound of silver. A broad-brimmed hat and a riding-whip complete the cavalier's costume, and he is rarely without a cigar between his lips. In mounting, he generally scorns to put his feet in the stirrups, but springs on the horse without their aid. The stirrups are huge blocks of wood, shielded with fully a square foot of leather. The saddle and other trappings of the horse are richly ornamented with silver, and sometimes with gold, and occasionally the bridle, head-gear, and crupper are made of silver rings linked closely together."

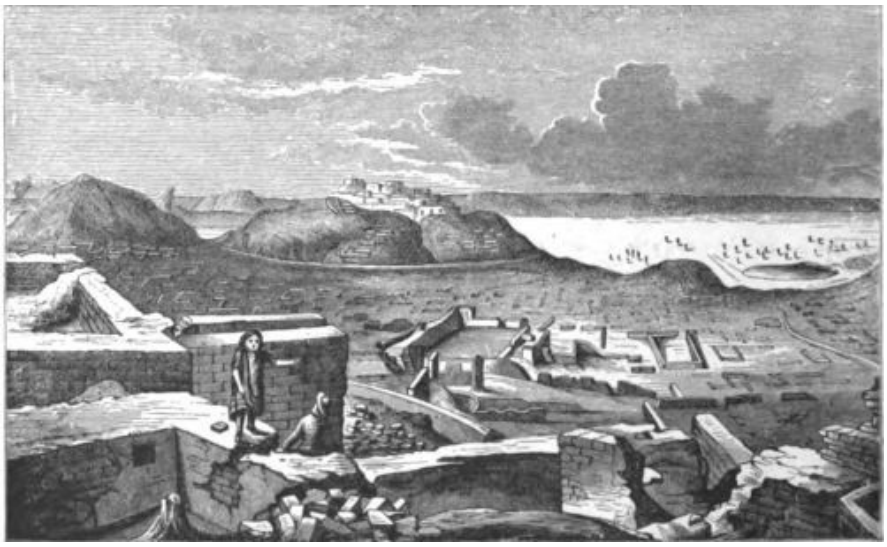
The decline of Peruvian horsemanship was shown in the late war between Chili and Peru. The Chilian cavalry was admirably managed, and in several battles it performed a large share of the work; the cavalrymen were well mounted, and understood their business thoroughly, while the Peruvians were inefficiently drilled, and their horses were far inferior to those of the Chilians. One of the mounted detachments of the Peruvian army was surprised and captured during the advance upon Lima, and the whole available force of cavalry for the defence of the capital did not exceed six hundred men.

NATIVE WOMEN OF LIMA.

Frank and Fred were quick to remark the difference between the feminine part of the population descended from the Spanish conquerors, and those whose ancestry were the native possessors of the land. The complexion was as distinctive as the dress; the Spanish race is fair in feature, while the women of Peruvian descent have a tinge of copper or bronze in their faces. The latter wear short skirts, and leave the hair uncovered by a veil; sometimes the hair is braided in long tresses, and it is frequently topped with a hat of almost gigantic proportions. Many of these native women are excellent riders; they use the ordinary saddle of the cavalier instead of the side-saddle of more northern lands, and wear the Peruvian spur.

Our friends passed a fortnight in Lima very pleasantly, making excursions in the neighborhood, and trying the baths at Chorillos, where the fashionable population goes for its seaside sports. Two days were devoted to a visit to Pachacamac, which is in the valley of the Lurin River, about twenty miles south of Lima, and overlooking the sea. What they saw and did is best told in Fred's account of the journey.

"We went from Chorillos," said Fred, "and had a ride that was not particularly pleasant, over the dusty road leading to the seaport of Pisco, farther down the coast. Between Chorillos and the valley of the Lurin is a stretch of desert, and the sun beat pitilessly on our heads as we toiled along. Reaching the valley, we turned up the banks of the stream, and a short ride near its welcome waters brought us to the place we sought.



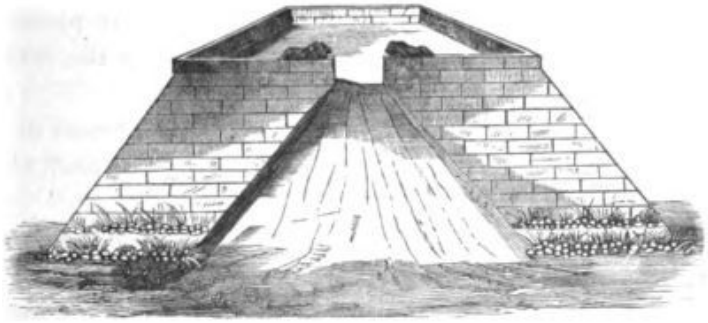
RUINS OF PACHACAMAC.

"Pachacamac is a famous spot in Peru, or, rather, it was so in ancient times. Its ruins cover a considerable space along a line of hills on the edge of the desert. The sand has drifted over some of the buildings and completely buried them, and we were forcibly reminded of the ruins at Thebes, and other places in Egypt, not forgetting the grand temples that stood near the pyramids of Gizeh.

HEAD OF PERUVIAN STATUE.

"Pachacamac was the sacred city of the inhabitants of this part of the coast before they were conquered by the Incas; their chief divinity, whose name is preserved in the city, had his shrine here, and when the Incas conquered the place they built a Temple of the Sun, and a House of the Virgins of the Sun, quite near the shrine of Pachacamac. It was their object to destroy the worship of the old divinity by building a grander temple to the new, but they were not altogether successful. There was an enormous amount of gold and silver used in the construction and adornment of the temples; the Spaniards took away twenty-seven *cargas* of gold (a carga weighs sixty-two and a half pounds), and sixteen thousand ounces of silver, but they were unable to discover the place where four hundred cargas of these metals had been concealed just previous to their arrival.

"We had quite a scramble among the ruins, as the walls are considerably broken, and the footing is often very insecure. We visited the shrine of Pachacamac, or, rather, the temple which contained it, and then went to the temple near it, erected by the Incas. The first is called 'El Castillo,' or The Temple, and the other is known as Mamacuna. The temple is on a hill, or headland, five hundred feet above the ocean, and the front of it extends down to the shore. It has been considerably shaken by the earthquakes, of which there must have been many since the time of its erection, and the wonder is that it is so well preserved.

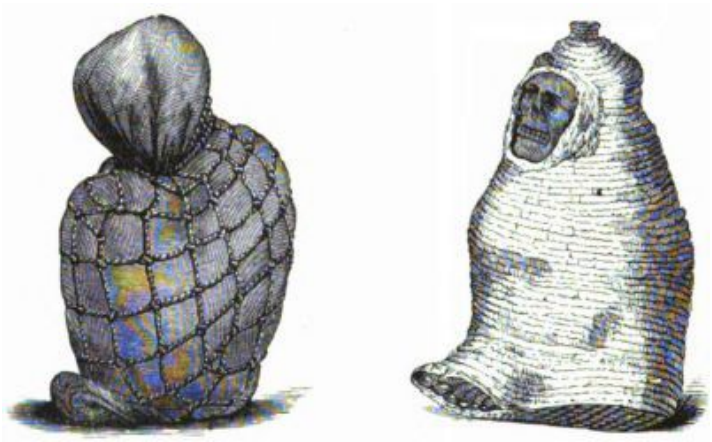


TERRACED SPACE ON A HILL-TOP.

"There was evidently a wall around the base of the hill; the slope of the hill was formed into terraces, and its upper part is supported by a terrace thirty-two feet high. In the centre of this upper part was the shrine of the deity, enclosed in a sanctuary which had a door of gold set with precious stones. But if the outside was beautiful, the inside was the reverse, as the Spaniards found only an idol of wood there, together with a flat stone where the priests performed their sacrifices. The old historians say that only the priests were allowed to go inside the sanctuary; when the Spaniards arrived there was no objection to their entering, as it was believed the deity would strike them

dead for their sacrilege. The fact that they were not harmed, but proceeded without hesitation to plunder the place of its wealth, was a serious shock to the faith of these confiding natives.

"Mr. Squier's book contains an excellent description of the place, and we sat down on the top of the hill and read his account of his visit to Pachacamac. He says that in ancient times it was the Mecca of South America, and pilgrims came here from all parts of the country to worship at the shrine of the divinity who was called 'The Creator of the World.' So great was the reverence in which it was held, that these pilgrims were allowed to pass unharmed through tribes and people with whom their own might be at war; the sacredness of their mission was an ample protection.



PERUVIAN MUMMIES.

"The natural result of this pilgrimage was that there was a large town around the temple, and in course of time many thousands of people died here, and were buried on the consecrated spot. The whole ground, for many acres around the temple, seems to have been one vast cemetery; the soil is dry, and contains a good deal of nitre, which possesses excellent preservative qualities. There are thousands and thousands of what are generally called mummies now lying in this soil, where they have lain for centuries; they were not submitted to any mummifying process, like the bodies of the ancient Egyptians, but are preserved by the action of the salts of the earth and the aridity of the atmosphere.

"Some men who came with us from a sugar plantation in the valley offered to find a grave, and reveal its contents. We assented, and they selected a spot, and began to dig.

"We had a suspicion that they had dug in the same place before, and the grave they discovered had been opened many times previously for the benefit of visitors like ourselves. We remember that the same trick is practised in

Egypt, especially at the temple in the neighborhood of the Great Pyramids, and saw no reason why it should not be adopted here. With this belief we had less compunction at disturbing the resting-place of the dead than we might have had otherwise.

SEPULCHRAL TOWER.

"The men dug four or five feet through the dry soil, and then came to a flat stone which they uncovered with great pretence of not knowing how large it was. It was about three feet square, and, perhaps, four inches thick, so that two of them had no difficulty in turning it over. Under the stone was a cavity measuring a trifle over a yard each way, and containing two bundles that had little resemblance to the human form. These were lifted out so that we might examine them; the outside wrappings were removed from one of them, and we then found that they covered a human figure, doubled so that the hands were clasped around the knees, and the head rested upon them. Our guide said this is invariably the position in which the mummies are found, and they are generally contained in a wrapping of coarse matting made of rushes, and bound with ropes or cords of the same material.

GOLDEN VASE
FOUND IN A TOMB.

"It was the custom of the ancient Peruvians to bury with their dead the implements to which they were accustomed in life, and this may be taken to indicate their belief in a resurrection. Household utensils, combs, needles, wallets, spindles for spinning, knives, fishing-hooks and lines, spools of thread, knitting-needles, toilet articles, spoons, pottery, and many other things are found here, and the same is the case in excavations in other parts of Peru. We discovered only a few pieces of pottery and two knives of copper, and then we left the grave to be re-filled, or treated according to the taste of the inhabitants of the place.

"The character of the wrappings, and the articles found in the graves, indicate the condition in life of the occupants of this Peruvian cemetery. Mr. Squier says the burial-place at Pachacamac contains three series of graves one above the other, indicating that the spot was for a very long while dedicated to sepulture. He opened one of the second series of tombs, which evidently belonged to a family in middle circumstances, neither rich nor poor.

"The bodies were all wrapped as I have described, but underneath the covering of coarse rushes were many yards of fine cloth, similar to that which the Egyptians placed around their mummies. The tomb contained the bodies of a man, his wife, and two children; the play-things of the children were buried with them, and between the feet of the girl was a dried parrot, which was doubtless her pet. Near the bodies were several pieces of pottery, and every pot contained something. One was filled with maize or corn, another with ground-nuts, and the rest with edibles of different kinds. The collection

of pots and pans was quite interesting, and revealed some of the domestic ways of the people.

SILVER VASE.

"You will naturally ask how long these bodies have been lying here where we find them.

"The question is easier asked than answered. Unfortunately for us, the Peruvians had no system of writing, like the ancient Egyptians, and therefore there are no records by which we can learn their history. To get at the antiquity of the people we must judge by the traditions that have come down to us and by the effect of time upon the monuments they have left. This enables us to guess at the date of the construction of their temples, and it is proper to remark that the guesses of archæologists who have studied the subject have been very far apart.

PERUVIAN IDOL.

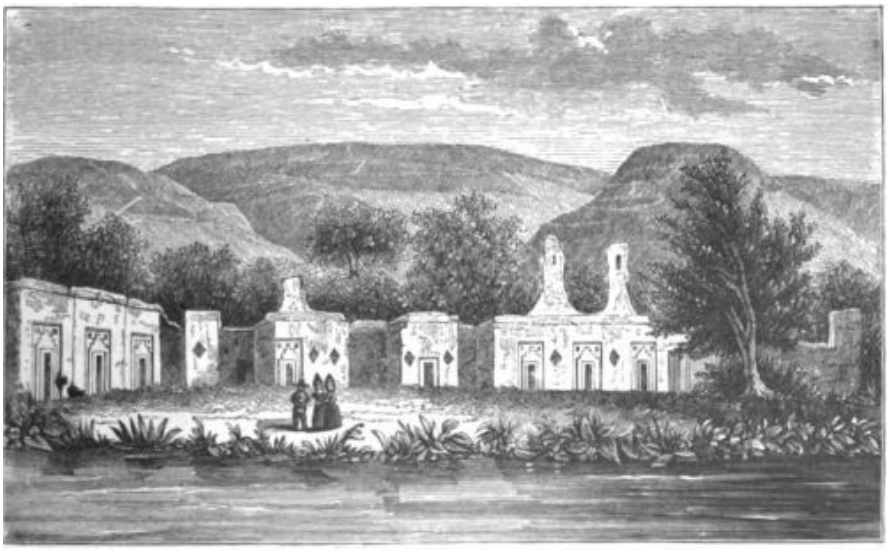
"The government of the Incas, which the Spaniards found and destroyed, is supposed to have existed not less than five hundred years, though some writers give it twice or three times that duration. When the Spaniards came here they found nearly all of what is now Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia, and a part of Chili united under one form of government, under three great tribes or families: the *Aymaraes*, the *Chinchas*, and the *Huancas*. The first of these, the Aymaraes, was the ruling race, and from it came the Incas or emperors. They occupied the high lands of Peru and Bolivia, and were said to have been more advanced in civilization than either of the others; the Chinchas dwelt mostly along the coast, while the Huancas were scattered through the mountain region between the Aymaraes and the Chinchas.

PERUVIAN COPPER KNIVES.

"Gradually the Aymaraes conquered the other great tribes, and their system of conquest and colonization is an interesting study.

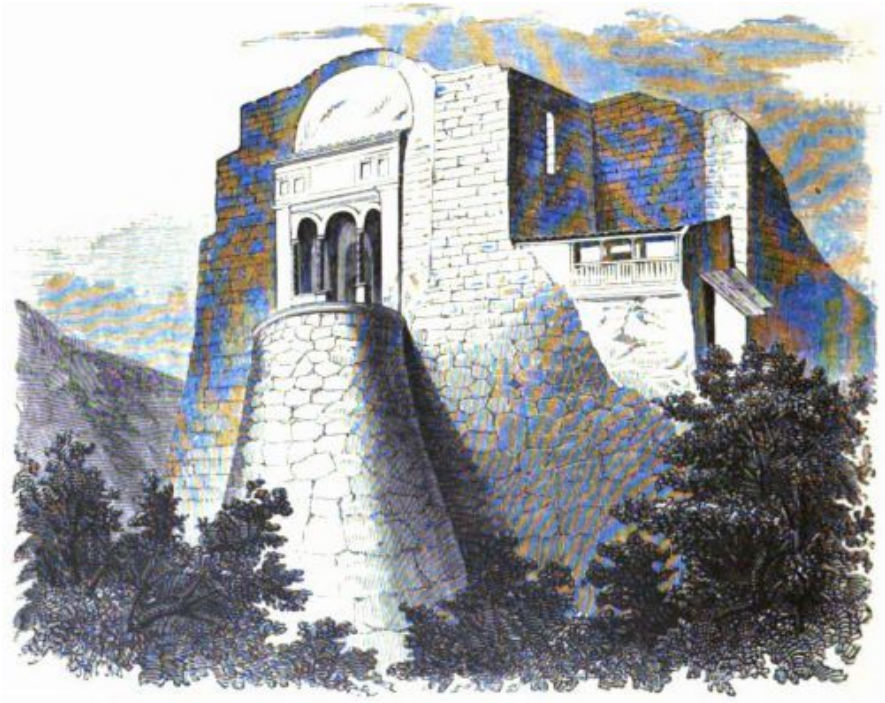
"The tradition is that the tutelary divinity, the sun, sent his own children to instruct and govern the people, who were at war with each other, and had sunk into a condition of barbarism. These children of the sun were Manco Capac and his sister and wife, Mama Oello; they appeared first on an island in Lake Titicaca, and the island was ever afterwards regarded as holy. There are

many temples around the lake and on the island to which they descended from heaven; we shall have more to say about these temples at another time.



RUINS ON TITICACA ISLAND.

"From Lake Titicaca, Manco Capac travelled northward, carrying a golden staff; during his travels his staff sank into the ground at a certain spot, and there he founded the city of Cuzco. Manco Capac was the first of a long line of powerful kings, who gradually subdued the surrounding people and replaced the old religions with the worship of the sun. They built magnificent temples, forts, and palaces, and the ruins of these works, as they are seen to-day, excite the admiration of every traveller.



PART OF TEMPLE OF THE SUN, CUZCO.

"To appreciate the wisdom of the Incas, let us consider their manner of ruling a conquered province.

"From Cuzco, the capital, there were roads leading to the four cardinal points, and the city was divided into four quarters, which were respectively named, 'North,' 'South,' 'East,' and 'West.' When their armies had reduced a nation or a province, they brought the idols of the conquered people to Cuzco, and treated them with every mark of respect. Then they summoned the chiefs and their families to the capital, where they showed them every kindness and distinction. When these chiefs had been thoroughly instructed concerning the power of the Inca and the spirit of his government, they were sent to their homes, and very often they were restored to their official positions as representatives of the government of Cuzco.

OUTER WALL OF FORTRESS OF CUZCO.

"In the conquered region the taxes were reduced, the poor were cared for, and the language of the empire was taught to the children. They were instructed in the religion of the Incas in place of their own, but always with the greatest respect for the old form of worship.

STONES IN THE WALL OF CUZCO.

"To make sure that there would be no rebellion of the conquered people a colony of eight or ten thousand Aymaraes was sent there to live, while a similar number of the subjugated nation was brought to the towns whence these colonists were taken. Both of the transferred colonies were given great advantages; they had many privileges of exemption from taxation, received large grants of land, and were made to feel in every way that the transfer had been for their benefit. But while the Inca government was liberal it was severe; it was the iron hand under the velvet glove, and when its kindness was refused or the conquered people rebelled they were made to understand, in the most practical manner, that disobedience and rebellion were useless.

PART OF WALL OF FORTRESS.

"The four great divisions of the empire were each governed by a viceroy, appointed by the central power at Cuzco; the inhabitants were divided into groups of ten thousand, under a native chief and an Inca governor, acting together, and these were again subdivided into groups of one thousand, one hundred, and ten, each having an official who was responsible to the one above him. Every man received an allotment of land for the support of himself and family, children were obliged to follow the occupations of their fathers, no one could change his residence without permission, idleness was severely punished, robbers were put to death, those who sinned against religion or the majesty of the Inca were burned or buried alive with their families, while their houses were destroyed and their fields devastated. When a province rebelled all the men and boys in it were put to death, and the remainder of the population was scattered.

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